**On the Dance Floor**

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Her palms were sweaty. She started to wipe her hands on her skirt, then imagined the image of sweaty palm prints on the black leather and changed her mind. She picked up a napkin from the long buffet table next to her and wiped her hands, carefully moving the white rose from one hand to the other as she did. How ironic, here she was holding a flower representing innocence and purity as a sign to the man who would take her to a new level of lust.  
  
Her mind raced. Why had she let her friend set this up? Why had she shared her fantasy? In a smooth flow of thoughts, she went from panic to anger at her friend to lust and back to panic. Her palms were wet again, and so was her pussy.  
  
She looked around the club. It was really packed tonight. The dance floor was crowded with bodies. From the awkward man trying to stay in step with his girlfriend to the young couple that looked like they had been dancing together for years, everyone was wrapped up in their own dance. Even with all the people, every one seemed wrapped up in their own world. What a perfect environment to fulfill her fantasy...  
  
Her thoughts were interrupted by the sight of a white carnation lightly touching her rose. Her eyes moved from the carnation to the face of the man holding the flower. "You must be my new friend," he said. Interesting choice of words, but what else could he say when they had agreed -- no names. As she looked at him, emotions melted away leaving behind only one: pure lust. The warmth between her legs grew as she saw the broad shoulders, the clean-shaven face and the drop-dead gorgeous blue eyes. For a moment, she was lost in those eyes, but then they began to move down her body, as he began to take in the sight before him. He glanced at the curves around her hips, and paused at the cleavage poking out from inside her dress. She knew she had picked the right dress as he smiled at the sight of her soft, round breasts pressed together and up for maximum effect.  
  
"Do you like what you see?" As she asked the question, her own eyes moved down his body, and she couldn't hide her approval as she saw the bulge inside his pants. "Because I like what I see."  
  
"Oh, yes, very beautiful," he answered as he took her hand. She followed without thinking, out to the middle of the dance floor. The DJ was playing a good mix tonight. They started dancing to the hard, steady beats of the song that was playing. She pressed against him every time she could, pressing her breasts into his chest, then going around and rubbing against his back. As the dancing progressed, she became bolder, demonstrating she could dirty dance with the best of them. She moved up and down and around his body, briefly stopping at strategic points. As she got bolder, she pressed the top of her head against his pants, and then ran her hand along the center as she worked up. She could feel his cock growing as she caressed his loins through his jeans.  
  
He reached under her skirt, grabbing her ass tightly with both hands. A smile of approval played across his lips as he realized she had on no underwear. Waves of pleasure began to move through her as she pressed against him. The music was still driving her to keep moving, but they were pulled together in an embrace of lust, moving their hips in unison, fucking through their clothes. Even though there were at least a hundred people on the dance floor with them, it suddenly felt like only two. One man, one woman, drawn together by pure, unadulterated lust.  
  
His right hand moved off her ass and around to the front. His palm pressed against the outside of her pussy, pushing against her clit. She looked around for a moment. This is what she wanted. Everyone else was dancing and nobody was paying attention to the erotic foreplay happening in their midst. The place was so crowded nobody could pick them out. She knew her fantasy was coming true. She reached her hands down, assuming a similar position, one hand on his tight ass and one working down his pants. As she felt his manhood in her hand, a new wave of lust came over her. She knew she had to have him, NOW! His middle finger had worked its way between her lips and was lightly fingering the inside of her vagina. He was going in just far enough to make her want more. His hand was now wet, too, his palm soaked with her juices. She pulled her hand out of his pants and unzipped them. He wasn't wearing underwear either, and she had to quickly grab his hard cock before it popped out for all to see.  
  
He took over, pressing against her. He pulled his hands around the outside of her skirt, hold her ass tightly. They danced like this for a moment more as she realized her friend had picked perfectly. He was exactly the right height, she could tell by the feel of his cock pressed against her skirt, they could do it standing right there and nobody would be the wiser. He moved his manhood under her skirt, and she reached her hand down to guide him into her pussy. She was so well lubed that he went straight in. They danced, fully locked, with him totally inside her. She began timing her hip movements to allow him to thrust in and out. As they moved to the music, a sudden, powerful orgasm ripped through her body. She stifled a moan into his shoulder, grabbing on as her knees weakened. He held her up, but wouldn't stop thrusting. As the orgasm passed, she again felt the pleasure of his cock working inside her. Suddenly, a second orgasm hit and she couldn't stay quiet. She moaned aloud, tossing her head back and grinding her hips. A couple nearby glanced over, amazed at how good her dancing was, but oblivious to the sex that was going on right in front of them. She pulled in close to him, and she felt his body tense in her arms. She came again right as he did. She could feel waves of hot cum filling her up, bringing a new level of pleasure.  
  
They started to relax, but he remained in for a moment more. She loved the feeling of him softening inside her. Eventually, his penis dropped out, and they surreptitiously did up his pants together. As if by fate, the DJ played a slow song. She put her arms around his neck as he placed his on her hips. She snuggled through the slow dance, basking in the after glow.  
  
The song ended, and he broke the embrace. He said only two words, "Thank you." Then he kissed her hand, turned and walked away. She made her way off the dance floor and over to the bar to order a drink. The fantasy had been fulfilled. She did not know, nor would she ever know, who the stranger was, but she would always remember him.